



House number B66



31 1 4

Chapter 1 by Abhishek Chakma

It was 4:55 pm. Leaving my homework aside, I ran towards the balcony. My heart was pounding very hard, blood coursed through my face as I blushed by just thinking about her. Putting a foot on the railing I hoisted myself up and peered down from our 2nd storey flat. There was no sign of her yet.

Just as if on cue, the school bus announced its arrival with a screech of the brakes. I waited with bated breath. All of a sudden everything was in slow motion. The leaves fell against the autumn gust, almost as if there was no gravity. The laughter from the park was barely audible to me as garbled noise. The bus door gushed open noiselessly and children dismounted, but everything else was blurred out even as my eyes sought that one person...

Chapter 2 by The Ginger



The bus driver.

Now, bus drivers have a pretty bad rap, if you ask me. In movies, they are always shown as old guys who weigh about 400 pounds and still live at home with their mother. Well, let me tell you, that's not always the case.

It was certainly not the case with her.

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